Mer: Nothing King of Cates, but borrow one of your nine liues, therefore come drawe your rapier out of your scabard, least mine be about your eares ere you be aware.

Rom: Stay *Tibalt*, hould *Mercutio*: *Benuolio* beate downe their weapons.

Tibalt vnder Romeos arme thrusts Mercutio, in and flyes.

Mer: Is he gone, hath hee nothing? A poxe on your houses.

Rom: What art thou hurt man, the wound is not deepe.

Mer: Noe not so deepe as a Well, nor so wide as a barne doore, but it will serue I warrant. What meant you to come betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

Rom: I did all for the best.

Mer: A poxe of your houses, I am fairely dresst. Sirra goe fetch me a Surgeon.

Boy: I goe my Lord.

Mer: I am pepperd for this world, I am sped yfaith, he hath made wormes meate of me, & ye aske for me to morrow you shall finde me a graue-man. A poxe of your houses, I shall be fairely mounted vpon foure mens shoulders: For your house of the *Mountegues* and the *Capolets*: and then some peasantly rogue, some Sexton, some base slaue shall write my Epitapth, that *Tybalt* came and broke the Princes Lawes, and *Mercutio* was slaine for the first and second cause. Wher's the Surgeon?

Boy: Hee's come sir.

Mer: Now heele keepe a mumbling in my guts on the other side, come *Benuolio*, lend me thy hand: a poxe of your houses. *Exeunt*

Rom: This Gentleman the Princes neere Alie,
My very frend hath tane this mortall wound
In my behalfe, my reputation staind
With *Tibalts* slaunder, *Tybalt* that an houre
Hath beene my kinsman, Ah *Iuliet*

Thy beautie makes me thus effeminate,
And in my temper softens valors steele.

Enter Benuolio.

Ben: Ah *Romeo Romeo* braue *Mercutio* is dead,
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the cloudes,
Which too vntimely scornd the lowly earth.

Rom: This daies black fate, on more daies doth depend
This but begins what other dayes must end.

Enter Tibalt.

Ben: Heere comes the furious *Tibalt* backe againe,

Rom: A liue in tryumph and *Mercutio* slaine?
Away to heauen respectiue lenity:
And fier eyed fury be my conduct now.
Now *Tibal:* take the villaine backe againe,
Which late thou gau'st me: for *Mercutios* soule,
Is but a little way aboue the cloudes,
And staies for thine to beare him company.
Or thou, or I, or both shall follow him.

Fight, Tibalt fallet.

Ben: *Romeo* away, thou seest that *Tibalt's* slaine,
The Citizens approach, away, begone
Thou wilt be taken.

Rom: Ah I am fortunes slaue,

Exeunt

Enter Citizens.

Watch. Wher's the that slue *Mercutio*, *Tybalt* that villaine?

Ben: There is that *Tybalt*.